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the omissions supplied, by Mr Sales, and the new orthography of the Spanish academy adopted. But a more important improvement is the introduction of accents, which have been placed wherever they were required to determine the pronunciation. This will prove a great help to learners, often perplexed by the want of uniformity in the place of the accented syllable. In its present dress, this book may be recommended to students of the Spanish language, as one of the best for facilitating a speedy and thorough acquisition of that tongue.

ART. XIV.—*The Talisman for MDCCCXXVIII.* New York. E. Bliss, 1828. 18mo. pp. 268.

WE well remember the interest, with which in our early days we pored over the pages of the *Almanack*, that cheap and curious volume, which in so small a compass combined so great a variety of astronomical, economical, moral, and literary lore. From it might be learned the precise time for performing all the details of the comprehensive catalogue of every purpose under the sun, which Solomon has left on record, as a proof that method in business, and seasonableness in sympathy, are virtues of every age of the world alike. Its ornaments, it is true, were of an unpretending character; a few georgical vignettes for the body of the work, and for the frontispiece, always that cabalistic man, who could never be contemplated on earth without interest, because for him the twelve signs of heaven seemed contending. We have never yet arrived at a perfect knowledge of the limits of their respective sovereignties over this individual, whom we have always considered, like Adam, a mere representative of his race; nor have we ever been able to ascertain the benefits which the ‘little state of man’ derives from this complicated feudality.

We presume, however, that good reasons can be given for the division by those versed in judicial astrology, a science to which, although our functions are eminently judicial, we have no pretensions; and content ourselves with alluding to the Alma-

nack, as the first step in a walk of literature, which bids fair to become important among us. Its immediate successors appear to have been the *Pocket Remembrancers* and *Calendars for Ladies and Gentlemen*, in which the literary began to encroach upon the chronical part, and blank spaces were left for memoranda; a line being allotted to each day of life. But suddenly by a change no less indicative of the progress of society, than that by which the three-legged stool on which 'immortal Alfred sat,' expanded into the 'accomplished' sofa along which languid beauty reclines, the simple, sententious, and prophetic Almanack became metamorphosed into the ornamented, narrative, and reminiscent *Forget Me Not*, *Memorial*, *Souvenir*, *Amulet*, *Token*, and *Talisman*. They who are prone to attribute to the influence of woman the improvements which adorn society, may find an illustration of their theory in the rapid growth of these elegant little works. They are carefully adapted to the gratification of female taste. Their embellishments are delicate, the proportion of sentiment usually large, and being generally purchased as presents for ladies of all ages, the sagacity of the publishers has prompted them to 'take no note of time' in them, so that at last the humble and useful Almanack, from which they originated, has become entirely excluded from their pages.

It would hardly be supposed, that the ponderous and labor-loving Germans are the source of all this; that the elaborators of weighty lexicons, and weavers of impervious metaphysics, should have been the first to produce these Lilliputian magazines of wit, sentiment, poetry, and the arts of design. Such, however, is the fact. Among the French they do not seem to be general, nor to have much claim to notice, except for mere external ornament. The English, from whom we have lately imitated them, have borrowed them directly, without any sensible improvement of their plan, from the various '*Taschenbücher*' of the Germans; and, as among the latter people, although now upon the decline, they have risen to the dignity of an established branch of literature, which has been treated as such by their critics, we will venture to place before our readers a brief outline of their progress.

A writer in one of the most popular literary journals of Germany* has described, in a lively manner, the gradual

* Die deutsche Literatur unsrer Tage bietet im Gegensatze zu der

diminution of size in the repositories of the favorite literature of his countrymen ; * how, in the course of only half a century, the majestic folio has yielded its place to the dignified quarto ; the latter in its turn has retired from before the genteel octavo ; and all have finally been exiled from their shelves by the inroads of the dapper duodecimo. The truth is, that literature, to be popular, must be portable ; and the wits of Germany have certainly shown themselves sages in selecting a medium of so current and extensive a circulation, to imprint with the stamp of their genius. An author, whose subject is within the intellectual reach of general readers, and who wishes to be soon and widely read, is more sure of being so in Germany, by contributing to a *Taschenbuch*, than by any other mode in which he can give his works to the world. It was in this form that Göthe first published his *Hermann and Dorothea*, and his *Natural Daughter* ; and Schiller his *Maid of Orleans*. It is even said, that some of the most popular and most beautiful modern poetry of Germany has been created by the ambition of young writers to distinguish themselves, where the opportunity is so readily afforded. Ernst Schulze (a pupil and friend of the celebrated Bouterwek, by whom his works have been collected and published) contended for, and obtained the prize in the *Urania* of 1820, by the production of 'The Enchanted Rose,' a Poem in three cantos, which immediately ran through several editions, and sweetened with its success the last hours of a life, the most of which had been marked by melancholy. We have not yet had the good fortune to meet with this poem ; but the praise bestowed upon it by a judicious, although obviously friendly critic, is, that 'it may be fairly considered, as the most beautiful poem of its kind in the whole circle of German literature, and will last as long as the German language and poetry shall exist.'

The manner in which these works have been got up in Germany, has varied with the objects and characters of the editors.

früher ein merkwürdiges Bild dar. Wir brauchen kaum ein halbes Jahrhundert zurückzugehen, und die Bücherbänke in Deutschland blicken uns finster, streng, gelehrt, fast abschreckend an. Ungeheure Folios gönnen auch den beleibtesten Quartanten nur unwillig einen Raum, und diese sehen wieder mit Stolz auf das noch scheu sich anschmiegende Geschlecht der Oktavbände herab. Wie anders ist es jetzt.

* The *Hermes* of 1820, published at Leipzig.

A large proportion of them has been published by mere book-sellers, who have paid at fixed rates for original matter, and have thus filled their pages with contributions from many of the most popular authors. This method, however, has been found liable to difficulties, which in many instances have proved insuperable, and indeed, most of the *Taschenbücher* that have been catered for in this manner, have been but temporary in their duration. The demand for increased elegance in their ornaments and style of publication, has increased the expense to the publisher, without proportionably increasing his profits; the contributors have, from year to year, enhanced their terms, and instead of contenting themselves with the little *quiddam honorarium*, first bestowed upon them as a gratuity, they have shown their knowledge of the value of their own services, by making their own bargains with the publishers, upon thoroughly commercial principles. The competition has become so great, and the number of the works so considerable, as to reduce exceedingly the sale of particular editions; and instances have even occurred, in which entire editions have been almost totally lost, on account of having been prevented, by some of the numerous delays to which works depending on various contributors and artists are always exposed, from appearing in the market at the only period of the year, when it is possible to put them in circulation.

Some or all of these causes have led the German book-sellers to look upon the publication of these works, as a ruinous * undertaking; and from the competition which already exists in this country among those of domestic origin, as well as of foreign manufacture, we fear that the same fate will pursue them here, and that the expectations of the publishers will not be sufficiently realized, to enable them to continue their efforts in this line. We will cite one or two instances, to show how brief the period has been of some of the most deservedly popular of these agreeable volumes. The *Taschenbuch für Damen* was begun in 1798, and although enriched by contributions from Huber, Pfeffel, Lafontaine, Göthe, and more than all, Jean Paul, was discontinued in 1802, after a career of only four years. A selection from the works of the most eminent poets, was begun by Schiller, in 1796, and having enjoyed a short celebrity, from some satirical poetry, entitled *Die Xenien*, which

* 'Halsbrechend,' is their own significant expression.

it contained, and which was attributed by some to Schiller, and by others to Göthe, was relinquished in 1800. The history of many of these productions, although published in the most inviting form, and under the most favorable auspices, appears to have been similar. Yet one of these books of selections (*Blumenlese*) enjoyed a more lasting success. It was edited by Bürger and Voss, from 1770 to 1776, continued by Bürger alone till 1794, and afterwards by Carl Reinhard, till 1803. Anthologies have, however, gradually got out of vogue among the Germans, and a great variety of modes have been devised to revive the interest of readers generally in the annual publications, which they had frequently constituted. Sometimes they have been ornamented by engravings of scenes from the most popular dramas of Schiller, Göthe, and other favorite authors.

Shakspeare, who is perhaps as much read, and as well understood in Germany as in England, has furnished the materials for numerous illustrations. We have now before us the *Urania* of 1823, of which the only embellishments are groups from King Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, accompanied with the corresponding scenes from Voss' translation. Some of them have scenes and illustrations from the Waverley Novels; and subjects no less severe than disquisitions upon the philosophy of the characters of Shakspeare, particularly of Hamlet, and examinations of the peculiarities of the poetry of Lord Byron, are admitted into their pages. Others, again, contain sketches of figures and groups by celebrated artists, such for instance as the *Graces* of Canova, together with criticisms upon their merits, which among us would be considered rather too circumstantial and elaborate for works intended for extensive popularity. Another class still are exclusively dramatic. One of this sort was edited with great success by Kotzebue, from 1803, till his death in 1819. It would be difficult, and we know not whether it would be profitable, to enumerate the multifarious forms in which taste is gratified and the purse tempted among the Germans, at that season of the year when new impulses are given to mutual regard, by accompanying the expressions of it by some such token as these productions most readily furnish.

We have been thus minute in our account of these publications, chiefly to show in what estimation works of this kind are held by another people, at a time when, in our own country,

they are attempting to vindicate for themselves a respectable station in the ranks of elegant literature. The one, of which the title stands at the head of this article, purports to be from the pen of *Mr Francis Herbert*, a gentleman apparently of much observation, of great versatility of style, of extensive travel, in short, a citizen of the world; although, from the freedom and obvious familiarity with which he comments, in more than one place, upon the *gullibility* of his fellow-citizens of New York, we suspect that the said metropolis has been his principal residence. He certainly is a writer of no ordinary powers; in prose, he delights us, at one moment, with romantic description and striking incident; at another, diverts us with playful disquisition and humorous narration, and at another still, instructs us with original and sober history. In poetry, he passes with equal ease from the gentle to the grand, but we fear that, in this department, his productions are not all perfectly genuine. He complains, indeed, in his Preface, that 'some of his verses have been published among the miscellaneous poems of authors of no mean note,' but unless we are much mistaken, we have formerly seen those beautiful stanzas on 'The Close of Autumn,' as proceeding from the pen of an author certainly 'of no mean note;' but who never borrowed except from the whispers within, and whose characteristic trait of genius is, that he looks round on nature 'with the eye that nature bestows only on a poet.' The 'Sonnet on the Shenandoah at Harper's Ferry,' if it be the actual composition of Mr Herbert, has certainly been attributed to another. We hardly know where to apply the *Sic vos non vobis*, in this disputed claim.

But to proceed from Mr Herbert to his work. It opens with a slight account of the author, written in an easy and confident manner, and well calculated to excite curiosity respecting the contents of his book. Then follow two 'Prefaces to an Album,' of entirely opposite characters; the first is written in a strain of serious morality and tender expostulation, which sounds little like the man of the world, but which will by no means, be thought misplaced, when it is considered that the book which it precedes, is appropriated to the commencement of the year, and that a year may be looked upon as an epitome of life. We subjoin the remarks upon the responsibility of men for the influence, which they exert over others.

'That influence, so powerful in its sway over us, we must, in

turn, exert upon others. Other minds must become in part the transcripts of ours, and perpetuate the evil or the excellence of our short being here. It is not given alone to the great, the eloquent, or the learned, to those who speak trumpet-tongued to millions of their fellow-creatures, from the proud elevations of power or talent, thus to extend themselves in the production of good or ill into after-times. We are each and all of us, as waves in the vast ocean of human existence; our own little agitation soon subsides, but it communicates itself far onward and onward, and it may often swell as it advances into a majesty and power with which it would scarcely seem possible, that our littleness could have had any participation.

‘Happy, then, reader—happy thou, if thou hast confined the bad tendencies of thy nature to thine own breast,—if thou hast never proved the cause of offence—not even to any “little one”—if thou hast led none into dangerous error, lulled none into careless or contemptuous negligence of duty, nor ever sullied the whiteness of an innocent mind.

‘Yet remember—that it is the mysterious and awful law of thy nature, that no one of us can pass through life insulated and solitary, leaving no trace behind him. Thy influence will be—must be, for good or for evil after thee. Then, although haply thou mayest have but a single talent committed to thy charge, whether thou writest thy thoughts in these pages, or engravest them in living characters upon the hearts of those who trust, or love, or honor thee, strive always, that they may be such as will tend to “give ardor to virtue and confidence to truth,” so that others may be holier and happier because *thou hast lived*.’ pp. 2-4.

The second ‘Preface to an Album’ seems almost intended to efface the grave impressions, which its predecessor is adapted to produce. It considers the Album in its primitive and fallen state, that is, before and after it has been written in, and illustrates both its conditions, by a variety of similes, many of which are apt and humorous. A single stanza will serve as a specimen.

‘T is like an ancient, single lady’s chest,
Where rummaging, the curious heir discovers
Old patterns, worn-out thimbles, and the rest
Of antique trumpery; fans, and flowers, and covers
Of pincushions; a petrified wasp’s nest;
Letters from long defunct or married lovers;
Work-boxes, ten-pences that once were new,
And murdered metre, if she was a *blue*.’ p. 7.

Mr Herbert next entertains us with an account of a ‘hair

breadth 'scape' from the fangs of a Royal Tiger. The narrative is given with great felicity of expression, and preserves excellent oriental keeping, and perfect probability, throughout. A scene on the banks of the Hudson, illustrated by an extremely pretty engraving, follows next in order. The spot selected is the northern entrance of the Highlands, just above West Point. The poetry is of a pensive cast, and its flow betrays the practised writer. The following stanza, although the thought is by no means novel, has unusual beauty of versification.

' Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth that soonest pass away ;
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower ;
Even love, long tried, and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.' p. 25.

This is succeeded by a neat paraphrase of a passage from Poliziano.

We now come to the story of ' Mr de Viellecour and his Neighbors,' which is appropriately introduced by a short essay, in which the fallacy of conjecturing character from manuscript is humorously illustrated, and a number of instances are given, some historical, and others within the writer's own experience, of awkward mistakes resulting from indistinct handwriting. The outline of the story is briefly as follows. Mr Viellecour is a descendant of the Huguenots, settled at New Rochelle, in the state of New York ; benevolence is the predominant trait of his character, and horticulture and elegant chirography his ruling tastes. A family of Pecks move into his neighborhood, who are all originals, and one of whom, Miss Abishag Peabody Peck, is an original *par excellence*. We will not venture to describe her otherwise than in the author's words.

' Of Abishag or Miss Peck, last presented to my mind, and now painted at full length upon the retina of my mental eye, it may be essential to mention a few characteristics. In respect of matrimony, and rumors of matrimony, she strongly resembled the illustrious Betsey of England ; and deserved as little as that " imperial vot'ress," the imputation of passing through life,

" In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

'She had remained, as I have hinted, for an unascertainable time, mistress of herself, unincumbered with a husband. Whether she really thought the poet wrong, who says that "earthlier happy is the rose distilled," etc. may admit of a doubt. She had long had a fondness, nay, it may be termed a rage, for making people believe (and herself, too, among the rest), that she was constantly solicited to become a bride. In sober truth, shrewd, sagacious, and matter-of-fact, as she was in all things else, touching this affair of marriage, she was subject to strange hallucinations. Her imagination was (if we may speak poetically) redolent of matrimony. The ideal husbands which filled her mind were indeed not exactly such as haply may sometimes flit across the day-dreams of youthful beauty, brave, and young, and handsome, all glowing with the purple light of love, and breathing truth and fervent constancy. Hers were sober and comfortable visions of snug establishments, sprucely painted two-story houses, with well-papered parlors and nice kitchens—huge stores of household linen—men servants and maid servants—one-horse chaises or trim Jersey-built wagons, and, by way of necessary appendage, some respectable helpmate, with a good thriving business, or a round and regularly paid salary. Thus it happened that from time to time the whole neighborhood was informed, of what she more than half believed herself, that offers had been made for her hand, now by a medical doctor at Mamaroneck—now by a reverend professor at New-Haven—now by a rich widower apothecary in the Bowery—now by an old Dutch dominie, on the North River—and now by young Mr Rubric, fresh from the Episcopal Seminary at New York, whose first clerical bands her own fingers had hemmed. The said reverend and medical doctors, the dominie, the apothecary, and young Mr Rubric, meanwhile, remaining not only innocent of all amorous intention, but utterly ignorant of all rumors thereof.

'Of her personal charms it is best not to say much. Could she have been preserved for ever, as she had been for so many years, she would have supplied the desideratum of a standard of long measure, and saved a learned secretary of state, professors of colleges, and revisers of laws, many a long report, as she was perfectly straight, and exactly five feet, eleven inches, and eleven lines high, when unhosed, unbuskined, and unbonneted. Time had not rubbed off nor rounded the acute angularity of her features, or the distinct rigidity of her articulation. There was an irresistibly extortionate air in her countenance, when she wanted to get all the facts out of every body; and it exhibited an arithmetical precision, when she was in a contemplative mood, which showed that she had added up her ideas, and carried nine. Her defunct papa, among his innumerable avocations, had been an

agent for selling Pomeroy's Universal Patent Catholicon. From him she inherited a great taste for quackery; or, as her mama called it, a genius for medicine; and she preferred giving away, not only her recipes, but her nostrums, to letting her hand get out of practice.' pp. 55-58.

A fit of the rheumatism, by which Mr Viellecour is attacked, induces Miss Peck to send him a recipe for the cure of it, for which, after his recovery, he writes her a letter, couched in the style of old-school gallantry, accompanied by a basket of quinces, and concluding with the tender of his hearty thanks, which from the illegible elegance of the manuscript, is interpreted by Miss Peck, as an offer of his heart and hand. This offer she immediately accepts in a most characteristic epistle, eked out with a number of more characteristic postscripts. The astonished Mr Viellecour is now beset by a letter of license and congratulation from Mrs Jerusha Peck, the mother of Abishag; by another of advice from Dr Epaphroditus Peck, her uncle; by a borrowing note from the Honorable Mr Plutarch Peck, her nephew; by a challenge from Mr Terence Mountjoy, a Gallicized Irishman, who had for some time lived incognito in Mrs Peck's family, and on whom Miss Peck had turned her eyes; by a letter from Lawyer Bull, threatening a suit for breach of marriage promise, on account of attentions paid by him to Miss Betsey Bull; and though last, not least, by an epistle in which it would be difficult to say, whether madness or mantuamaking predominates, from Miss Adèle Eloïse Huggins, whom Mr Viellecour had educated, and whom he had afterwards caused to be instructed in the mysteries of the needle, and finally established in business. From this epistolary volley, and the various evils that it threatens, Mr Viellecour, whose sensitiveness of ridicule is exquisite, seeks safety in flight, and does not return to revisit his household gods, until, by a succession of natural events, the neighborhood is entirely cleared of the authors of his whimsical persecution. The merits of this story are those of fertility of invention, and humor and variety of illustration. Its chief fault is a tendency to caricature in some parts, which, in a production of which the essence is an exaggeration of the features of common life, it must be extremely difficult to avoid. Several of the characters are originally conceived, and all of them naturally sustained. Mr Viellecour interests us constantly by the benevolence of his character, the dignity of his

recollections, and the innocence of his tastes, even in his most awkward and ridiculous situations. Miss Peck deserves a place in our gallery of national portraits. Terence Mountjoy, however, is decidedly overcharged; in spite of Mr Herbert's pertinacious assertions, we cannot believe that the credulity of our sister of Gotham has ever extended so far, as to be imposed upon by such an uncouth nondescript. We will not attempt to describe or illustrate him; 'none but himself can be his parallel.'* The introduction of this character, however, gives occasion to a digression concerning *humbugs*, which, because it is a very good specimen of that species of humor, which produces its effect by an eloquent accumulation of epithets and images, either ludicrous in themselves, or made so by ingenious juxtaposition, we extract for the edification of our readers. We beg them, however, to consider the charge, which it brings forward against the New-Yorkers, of extreme *gullibility*, entirely as Mr Herbert's, unapproved of by ourselves, for, 'we could not hear their enemy say so' of our brethren of the brilliant metropolis.

'He belongs to a genus of which every one knows more or less, who has seen or heard anything of the phenomena, which for the edification of monster-hunters and monster-gazers, have arisen, culminated, and set, or more often "shot madly from their spheres," in the horizon of New-York society, for the last twenty years. Of this genus there are several species, though the nature of each kind soon passeth away, and "goeth out" of fashion, and of remembrance. Yet, in their brief career, they have charmed female hearts, and turned wise brokers' heads. Such is the power of foreign tongues and foreign titles, foreign jewels and foreign jokes, foreign fashions and foreign fiddling. There is your heroic humbug, as your Waterloo general; your scientific humbug, such as you may meet at the suppers of the Literary and Philosophical Society, or the *soirées* of some Mæcenas; your patriotic humbug, who has "left his country for his country's good," and such you may see everywhere. There is your medical and your musical humbug; your ecclesiastical humbug, your pedagogical

* We have been lately struck by meeting with a justification of the violation of the maxim, or rather its converse, that 'nullum simile est idem,' in an established classic. Cervantes, in describing the barbarian Bradamiro, says, 'He was as bold as himself, for none could be found, with whom he could be compared.' 'Atrevido tanto como él mismo, porque no se halla con quien compararlo.' The Spanish writers of that day must have been as daring as their soldiers.

humbug, your proselyte humbug, and your new-community humbug ; your phrenological humbug, your *cuisinier* humbug, your travelled humbug, and your savage humbug. Last, though not least, there is the real, pure, natural, unlicked, unlettered, unequivocal, unadorned, unadulterated, unsophisticated, unaccommodated humbug ; or, as Lear says, “ the real thing itself—a poor, bare, forked animal,” who, without education, knowledge, or manners—without tongues or travels, jewels or juggles, fashions or falsetto, grace or grammar, will make his way by the dint of sheer and monstrous lying—lying which has neither the merit of invention or consistency ; and is so essentially grotesque, that it seems easier to believe it at once, than to believe that it has ever *been* believed.’ pp. 61, 62.

Three pieces of poetry succeed the story of Mr Viellecour. One is an original and powerful description of the ‘ Hurricane ; ’ the next is ‘ The Serenade,’ accompanied by an original design, in which the poet and painter have so perfectly illustrated each other, that we should almost suspect them of being the same individuals ; the third is a translation of ‘ The Butterfly ’ of De la Martine, which, as it is pretty, and fanciful, and short, we sub-join.

‘ To be born with the spring, and to die with the rose,
To sip the fresh sweets of young flowers, ere they close,
To float on the wings of the zephyr at even,
And bathe in the rich flood of glory from heaven ;
To shake from the wing the light spangles of gold,
And its course to the deep vaults of azure to hold ;
Passing off from the bosom of earth like a sigh,
Such is the magical life of the young butterfly.

It resembles Desire, which, in search of new sweets,
Alights on each object of beauty it meets,
But restless—unsated with bliss of the earth,
It returns to the heaven from whence it had birth.’ p. 119.

The historical sketch, ‘ De Gourgues,’ has merits of a higher and more serious order, than are often to be found in any works of a merely popular character. It is distinguished by accuracy and depth of research, and by great clearness and strength of style, and leaves us reason to regret, that talents such as it indicates, are not oftener employed in more elaborate and extensive illustrations of our national annals. We next meet with a free translation of one of the best of the *Drammi Sacri* of Metastasio. The character of this author’s

style is well known, even to those who have but a tinge of modern literature. He is remarkable for the extreme felicity with which he expresses natural sentiments, although his writings, particularly in his *arie*, are profusely interspersed with *con-cetti*. He is said to have been himself so perfectly persuaded of his own unrivalled aptitude of expression, that, in reading his productions to his friends, he would frequently anticipate their applause, by the self-complacent question, *Si può dir meglio?* In his Sacred Dramas, however, he has been less successful. The lightness of his style of composition, and the perpetual recurrence of his *arie* are not suited to the solemnity of his subjects, and he is sometimes extremely frigid in his management of particular scenes. We will point out an instance in the drama immediately before us. On the return of Isaac unharmed from the sacrifice, Sarah faints. Isaac is naturally alarmed, but Abraham reassures him by telling him, that such things are very common, and that his mother will soon come to, if left to herself. Isaac, however, is not satisfied, and cannot understand how one, who has supported so many sorrows, should be unable to support a single joy. Abraham then goes into a philosophical explanation of the matter, winding it up with an *aria*, of which the substance is, that miseries are so common, that men learn to bear them from habit, but felicity is so rare that they are apt to be overwhelmed with the first instances of it. With the difficulties of the original, however, and of the nature of the subject, the translator has successfully contended. The instance below, compared with the passage of which it is a paraphrase, shows an improvement upon the original, in its own style.

‘Thine innocent child, in thy late years,
Vouchsafed by Heaven to thy desires,
Whom love so just, so strong endears,
God at thy hand requires ;
Requires thine offspring’s blood to flow
Beneath thy sacrificing knife,
Requires the priest to strike the blow
Who gave the victim life.’ p. 149.

‘Quell’ innocente figlio,
Dono del Ciel sì raro,
Quel figlio a te sì caro,
Quello vuol Dio da te.
Vuol che rimanga esangue
Sotto al paterno ciglio ;
Vuol che ne sparga il sangue
Chi vita già gli diè.’

It would be impossible for us to give a competent idea of this translation by extracts ; we will point out the concluding speech of Abraham, as an instance of happy rendering, and remark, in passing, that the engraver has been very successful in the accompanying illustration, with the single exception, that the breadth of the lower side of the face of the infant is too great for his position.

In the story of Major Egerton, the man of various phases, we strongly suspect Mr Herbert of having indulged himself rather freely in the traveller's license. His hero is an actor of all work, and actually appears in different parts of the narrative as an Indian, an English officer, an actor, a common soldier, a rector, a Mameluke and a howling Dervish, all of which characters he maintains with probability and propriety. Both the descriptive and dramatic parts are well executed, and *se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

We are next presented with a spirited sonnet, on the subject of William Tell in chains, the design of which, by Inman, engraved by Durand, forms one of the principal ornaments of the work.

'The Cascade of Melsingah' is an attempt, of which too few instances are to be found in our literature, to associate with a spot of wild and romantic beauty some tradition, that may give it new interest. The description will readily recall it to the lovers of natural scenery, who have visited it; but we believe, that it is from the author of the present tale, that they must, for the first time, learn its name. If he has not invented the tradition which it includes, he has certainly availed himself of it with great poetical felicity; and the numerous visitors of the scene in days to come, after the perusal of this simple and natural story, will find in it charms to which they were blind before. We must gratify our readers with a single descriptive passage from it.

'Who does not know the little cascade of Melsingah? If any of my readers have never visited the spot, nor heard it described, let me tell them that it is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, a little below the mouth of its tributary Matoavoan, about sixty miles from New York, at the foot of the northernmost ridge of the Highlands, where it crosses the river and stretches away out of sight to the northeast. A brook comes down the crags and woody sides of this ridge, and is fed by the mountain springs throughout the year. After having collected all its waters, it flows for a short distance through the forest, in a narrow rocky glen, parallel to the base of the mountain, and finally pours itself in a thin white sheet over a high precipice. From this precipice, the rocky banks, rising above the top of the cascade to a considerable height, recede on each side, and then return in a curve towards the rivulet, forming a little circular amphitheatre, having the blue pool into which the water descends at the bottom, and, at the lower end, the passage by which the brook hurries off rapidly towards the Hudson. The face of the rock down which the water

falls, is covered with a thick mantle of green moss, which keeps its place in spite of the current passing over it, and only serves to work the slender sheet to greater whiteness. Trees of the forest overhang the hollow; the maple, the bass-wood, the black ash, and the hemlock mingle their boughs, and the moose-wood rattles its bunches of green keys as you place your hand on its striped trunk. In May the dog-wood whitens the high bank with its flowers; in June the broad-leaved kalmia hangs out its crimson-spotted cups over the stream where it comes down from the cleft above; and all around the witch-hazel flaunts with its straw-colored blossoms in December, like an antiquated belle in the ornaments that belong to the spring of life. Above, is a small open circle among the foliage, corresponding with the shape of the banks, at which the sun looks in for a moment at noon; but the wind never descends into the hollow save in the winter, when it sweeps the loose snow into the glen, and mars the fantastic frost-work of this waterfall. For three quarters of the year the stream pours over its rock unvisited and unheard, save by the few who love what is beautiful in nature for its own sake. But in the hot months it is a place of resort for those who come to see what every body talks about; and the woody solitude is invaded by strange feet, and the solemn and eternal sound of the falling water mingles with voices that have no business there. pp. 198-200.

The 'Legend of the Devil's Pulpit' is the last item of this various assortment. To those who are intimate with the history and localities of New York, it must be extremely diverting. We should almost believe, from the familiarity of his contemporary allusions, that Mr Herbert had been an actor in the scenes he so faithfully describes; for aught we know, the original proprietor of the Pulpit himself. He professes, however, to quote from manuscript documents, and gives us a story, of which the following is a sketch. Texas Oakes, son of the sexton of Trinity church in 1760, suddenly becomes metamorphosed from a strolling vagabond into an *exquisite* of that period. At the summit of his elevation, partly attained through the instrumentality of 'Villiam Wince,' his tailor, he 'spurns the base degrees by which he did ascend,' and employs another more fashionable artist of the same tribe. Vince in revenge determines to discover and expose the mystery of his ungrateful employer's sudden splendor, and having ascertained that he absents himself every Friday, tracks him, and conceals himself on board of the 'Petty-auger,' which conveys him to Weehawk. He returns the next day in a panic, with a story that 'the Devil preached over at Weehawk, and that he talked handsomer than the

rector or the recorder.' This story collects, of course, a crowd. They are harangued by Dr McGraw, a most original personage, whose characteristic trait is an abhorrence of quackery, and who, as we are credibly informed is an actual historical personage, yet remembered by the older inhabitants of New York. The Doctor assembles a sufficient force to protect him against all possibility of danger, and after passing through a variety of appalling sights and sounds, arrives at last at the scene of action. The mystery is then discovered to be the contrivance of a band of smugglers, with which Texas is connected, to protect the magazine of their contraband wares against the visits of the curious. The Doctor seizes the pretended Devil, and after having catechised him in a most whimsical manner, lays him for ever, to the infinite satisfaction of his audience. The strange exorcist then seats himself upon the pulpit, from which he utters the following soliloquy, in the spirit of prophecy, applicable, as we suppose, to the present inhabitants of New York.

“Yes,” said he, “I see how it is. These poor people too must go the way of all flesh. Half a century hence, they will be as wicked as the Londoners. With the same vices, they will have more wit. But what of that? So much the worse for them. They will have their South Sea bubbles, their land bubbles, their bank bubbles, and all manner of bubbles. They'll have their Stock Market and their New Market; and there will be bulls and bears, lame ducks, rooks and pigeons in both of them. They will have lotteries, and operas, and elopements, and cracked poets, and ballets, and burlettas, and Italian singers, and French dancers. And every second man in a good coat, will be a broker or a lawyer or an insolvent. And there will be no more cash payments; but the women will wear cashmeres, and the men will drink champagne.—And the girls, instead of learning to cook and mend clothes, will be taught to chatter bad French and worse Spanish, and to get their husbands into jail;—but there will be no jails in those days! for they will have bankrupt laws, and three-quarter laws and two-third laws, and the limits will be as big as the county! There will be no more comfortable tea-drinkings, and innocent dances, but they will have their balls and routes and conversaziones and fêtes and fiddlesticks. People will dine by candle-light of week days, and nobody will go to church on afternoons on Sundays! Folks will be knowing in wines and cookery and players and paintings and music, and know nothing of their own affairs. They will go to fashionable churches as an amusement, and to fashionable gaming-houses as

a business. The girls will learn to waltz of the Germans, and their mammas to flirt from the French. The boys will all be men, and the old men will try to be boys. Then they will have all manner of quackery, from a patent pair of loops to hold up their breeches, to a patent way of paying off the national debt. And they will run after the heels of every quack who comes among them, and think he is the devil himself, though he has not half the sense of the dirty little devil that I have just discharged! And the doctors will quarrel about moonshine, and ruin the character of the profession and themselves by telling the truth about one another! But I shall be gone ere then;—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! ”’ pp. 283—285.

This comic narration is accompanied by an engraving from an original design, in which the perspective is preserved with uncommon accuracy and effect.

In concluding our notice of this volume, we deem it but just to remark, that laying aside the mask of the ostensible author, it appears to us to be the production of the leisure moments of two or three ripe scholars and practised writers. We think that we can recognise in scattered parts, the touches of pens, which we have seen engaged in higher employments. The book is certainly an interesting and an amusing one, far above the ordinary works of its class; yet we hope the time is not far distant, when those among us, who are capable of assisting in the great work of building up a national literature, may not be compelled to seek for readers through a medium which must depend, in a great measure, for its popularity upon the arts of publication, and upon the selection of a season to secure general circulation.

ART. XV.—CRITICAL NOTICE.

- 1.—*Liber Primus, or a First Book of Latin Exercises; prepared for the Use of Schools and Academies.* By JOSEPH DANA, A. M. Fifth Edition, corrected and improved. Boston. J. H. A. Frost. 12mo. pp. 192.
- 2.—*The Latin Reader. First Part.* From the Fifth German Edition. By FREDERICK JACOBS, Editor of the Greek Anthology, the Greek Reader, &c. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. [Stereotype Ed.] 1827. 12mo. pp. 233.

THE first of these little volumes has long been known and generally used in New England, as the first book after the grammar